EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

VOL. X. — NO. 13.] A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME. [FEB. 24, 1895.

The eye speaks with an eloquence and truthfulness surpassing speech. It is the window out of which the winged thoughts often fly unwittingly. It is the tiny magic mirror on whose crystal surface the moods of feeling fitfully play, like the sunlight and shadow on a still stream. TUCKERMAN.

OUR FLAG.

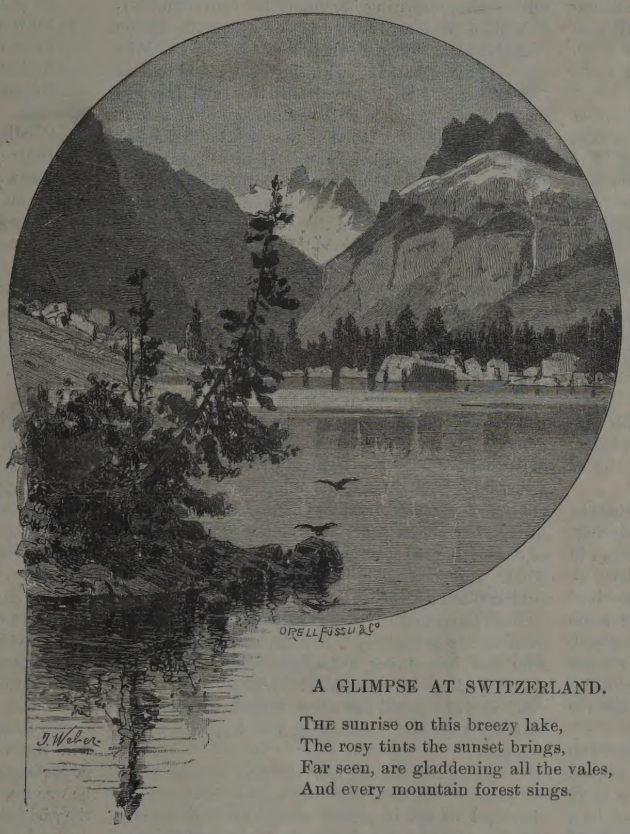
BY M. M.

WHERE did we get our pretty flag,
Our own red, white, and blue;
With its stripes and stars, its crimson bars,
And its field of heavenly blue?

The stripes we find in the morn's red light
And the white of the driven snow,
The field of blue we see by night,
And the stars with their silver glow.

This is our glorious banner bright,
Meet for a hero's land,
And the hero who bears it aloft in our sight
Is our Washington, great and grand.

Journal of Education.



A GLIMPSE AT SWITZERLAND.

THE sunrise on this breezy lake,
The rosy tints the sunset brings,
Far seen, are gladdening all the vales,
And every mountain forest sings.

For Every Other Sunday.

MARY CARPENTER.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

ONCE upon a time, Mary Carpenter, the famous Englishwoman, was only a little girl who loved to play with her dolls, and was always putting things in their places. She remembered a drive she had taken when she was but sixteen months old, and insisted upon being called "Doctor." She thought her papa "was very like the good Jesus," because he was always kind to her, especially one day when he took off his shoes and stockings and carried her through the water, which was coming up round the rocks where they had been walking. She was so very fond and proud of him that her love for him helped to make her good.

She used to say "I want to be ooseful." She was even then a little missionary, wondering how she could make people happier.

When she went to school she studied Latin and the Greek Testament, and wrote poetry. James Martineau, who is now the most honored of all living Unitarian preachers, only he is too old to preach often, was her schoolmate. Soon her eyes grew so weak that she was nearly blind for a while; but she was always very gentle and thoughful of others, remembered just when things ought to be done, and took care of herself. Years after when she came to America, she saw a fretful little boy who really was ill with hip disease, only no one knew it then, and she asked his mother if all American boys were as troublesome as he was, and minded as little. The boy overheard her question, and before his mother could reply, told Miss Carpenter, that if her leg ached as his did she would not behave a bit better than he. All the same she would have been better, because she was a girl, and could dress dolls and make over their clothes, and boys can't do that.

However, before and after her eyes troubled her so much, she did one thing, which fortunately most girls do not do now-a-days, — she kept a diary, in which she wrote down what she thought and did, her faults and her hopes.

When she was about twenty-two, she, with her mother and sister, opened a school for girls, who soon found out that she knew everything and was wonderfully kind. But her life-work grew out of her becoming a Sunday-School teacher and seeing the wretched homes of her poor scholars. One public fast day she promised to herself in her diary to be more and more useful, — her childish wish, only now she knew how to spell the word in letters and beautiful deeds.

Just about this time she met two men who had a great effect upon her, and who were her heroes. One was a Brahmin from India, Rammohun Roy, who became a Christian, and the other was Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, who looked after the poor in Boston, though he went to England to learn how to do it better, but found it was not then the fashion there for wealthy ladies to visit the city poor. Inspired by him, Mary Carpenter soon showed them how.

It was very fortunate that with all she did for others she cared for geology and loved art dearly, painting well herself. If she had not always kept up these pursuits, she would have been a one-sided reformer. She used to send some of her pictures over here to be sold for the benefit of the Anti-slavery cause.

At last she established her "Ragged School" in Bristol, England; we never had such a name here, though we have such children. At first the police had to help in keeping order; but soon every one was so well behaved that one of them became writing master to the boys one night. Mary Carpenter always knew how to get on with the children and to get them interested in the Bible. Next, she began to write about Ragged Schools, all the while keeping her diary, — how did she have time for it? — and then she invited distinguished men to hold a meeting about these schools. Forty years ago this was an extraordinary thing for just a woman to do, though she never spoke aloud in the Conference. All that part of her public work was to come. Lady Byron became her friend; and at last Miss Carpenter was asked to go to London to meet a Parliamentary Committee, — the little girl who had wanted "to be ooseful." She always did what she could, putting her work, not herself, forward; there is a great difference between the two ways.

She next endeavored to prevent little children being sent to prison, and established a Reformatory School for them, loving the naughty little boys who did not know any better than to be naughty almost as well as her Ragged Scholars. She wrote books about such children, and about young thieves, drunkards, and tramps, to show England what it ought to do. She grew more accustomed to conferences and committees, though she still persuaded the men to speak for her. Then she began to see that the girls in her schools led her boys into mischief; so she gathered the girls by themselves into "Red Lodge," her future home. Parliament took hold of her plans and passed Acts which ordered that children should be sent to Reformatory Schools instead of going to prison.

At last Mary Carpenter was so happy and tired that she had to be sick for awhile. With her it was always one thing after another which must be

done, so she grew well and took up the needs of men-prisoners, held meetings, saw leaders, got Parliament to do what she wanted, still wrote in her diary, and established Industrial Schools. Then there came another Brahmin to England, and she remembered her first East Indian friend, and determined that when she could she would help the women of India.

All this time she was a loyal Englishwoman, and called the marriage of the Prince of Wales "a national joy;" and at the birth of his first child, "dear little thing," she gave "cake and holiday" to her Schools in compliment to "our baby."

She was fifty-nine when she started for India, as full of delight as a girl at the prospect of such a journey, and such work as she hoped to accomplish. She drew, painted, studied, visited, saw great men, governor-generals, and miserable people, planned schools, and made extempore addresses; she had gained courage at last to do this from necessity. She wrote to the British Government, had a silver service given her, and returned home. Then Parliament voted money for Female Normal Schools in India.

The Queen sent for her to come to Windsor; and as she talked with her Majesty, she did not feel nervous, because she went, not for herself, but for India. The Queen also gave her a book she had written, and wrote on the fly-leaf, "Mary Carpenter, from Victoria R." Thus encouraged, Miss Carpenter went again to India, was appointed Lady Superintendent by the Government, set up housekeeping, and began her plans. When Christmas came, though she could not keep it English fashion, she contrived to give cakes and dainties to her Hindoo servants. After this visit, twice again did she go to India to see that her work was properly done, and to get more done. On her return home after her second visit, she invited a Brahmin and his wife to stay with her; and when their baby was born in her house, it was called "Albion" (England's poetical name) out of patriotism.

Times were changing, so she turned her Ragged Schools into Industrial Schools with day lunches. As she did more work for the prisons, she began to be anxious to go to America to find out how we treated criminals. One of the first gifts she received on her arrival here was a bunch of Mayflowers, some of which she pressed at once and sent to England, giving to the friend who gave them to her some rushes from the Jordan. She always had curiosities with her, and carried back reports from wherever she went.

She stayed in Boston three weeks, which were full of committee meetings, public speaking, and private dinners. As a guest she was just as orderly as in her own home. She rose at five o' clock, and by a spirit lamp heated her cocoa or milk; for she would not have any one called so early to help her. Then she wrote till breakfast, at eight o' clock. Never were breakfasts in that Boston home so punctual as during those three weeks, — for who could keep Miss Carpenter waiting! Next, she received people by appointment till eleven; then she took fifteen minutes' rest and a cup of beef-tea. Then she drove, or went to see some prison or school; then had lunch. In the afternoon she talked to some meeting, rested another fifteen minutes, had more beef-tea, and dressed for a dinner-party No one could be more wisely methodical about eating and sleeping than she was. It was a silent rebuke to others who were always tired and in a hurry. When she thought a caller had stayed long enough, after learning what she wished to know, and having given information in turn, the person was dismissed. A friend told her she had hurt the feelings of a dear physician by doing so; she replied, "I must do so or I could accomplish nothing."

It was delightful to hear her object, on the ground of economy, to the expensive fittings in some of our public buildings. What would she have said to the new part of the State House! Yet she was very fond of real lace. One evening, when she was in the carriage to return home after being at a distinguished dinner-party at Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's, her first words were not of the great men there, but, "How elegant was Mrs. ——'s lace!" After all she cared most for ministers, especially if they were conservative and had known her father, than for all the scientists and reformers.

At the first reception given for her in Boston by the friends with whom she stayed, she consented to show some of her treasures. One was a costly, gold-embroidered table-cloth given her in India. It was so large that it was spread out over an old-fashioned clothes-horse, made in three wide and tall divisions, and filled up a big corner of the parlor. Then there was a photograph album of the royal family, with some of their autographs, which that one evening she confided to the care of a friend, that all might see it but none touch it. Her English loyalty was all the more surprising because of her own simplicity. She often wore a Scotch bracelet which the Queen had given the Princess Alice, and which, when Miss Carpenter was staying with the Princess in Hesse-Darmstadt, the lovely royal lady took and fastened on Mary Carpenter's wrist. Like a proud grandmother she treasured the letters which the Princess's children had written her; and, best of all, they were just such letters as any natural little girls would write. Once when her Boston hostess was arranging a lunch for her to take on the cars, she told an amusing story of having said good-by to the Princess Alice, and being already in the carriage on her way, when the Princess ran after her with a lunch-basket, just as an eager hostess would do, saying it had been forgotten, and she had put it up with her own hands. It was pleasant to know that royalty could both forget and remember like an American woman.

The prettiest incident during her stay here was her meeting with Mrs. Lucretia Mott at Mrs. Sargent's. The room was full, and a crowd around Miss Carpenter, when suddenly she seemed to see something, and without speaking, she broke away from her listeners, hastened across the parlor, and bent low as before a queen over the extended hand of one of the sweetest and bravest women who ever lived. No one spoke, but all felt how much lay behind that moment.

Miss Carpenter's conscientiousness showed itself even in her generosity. She gave a Boston friend who had helped her a box so valuable that the friend declined to receive it; "I *ought* to give it to you," said the guest, and after the embarrassment of thrice giving and refusing it, the box was finally accepted.

It was touching to see how she gave to prisons and reforms her strongest and first interest, and yet how she loved art and literature, though she believed that every one should do some work for the unfortunate.

After her return to England and her final visit to India, the great hope and chief work of her life was fulfilled by the English Goverment authorizing the establishment of "Day Feeding Industrial Schools." Think what it would be if we had no primary schools, and if most of our children were hungry, and then you will realize what Mary Carpenter wanted, and what she *got*.

She had a wonderful power of concentration, perseverance, and patience, was always eager to learn from others, and had sympathy and tact in dealing with people.

She still wrote and worked, till one morning when she was found with a happy smile on her face, for she had died in her sleep. Among all the crowd that went to her funeral, great men and lowly women, Ragged and Industrial boys and girls, there were two little Hindoo lads for whom she had cared.

Countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile, but as they are free. MONTESQUIEU.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
MOORE.

THE BABY IS ASLEEP.

They knew not whence the tyrant came,
They did not even know his name;
Yet he compelled them one and all
To bow in bondage to his thrall;
And from their lips allegiance wrung,
Although a stranger to their tongue.

Whilst he was wrapped in royal state,
Their hours of toil were long and late;
No moment could they call their own
Within the precincts of the throne;
And when they dreamed their work was o'er,
He only made them slave the more.

Although the conquering king was he
Of people who had once been free,
No word of praise or promise fell
From him his subjects served so well;
And none of those who crowned him lord
Received a shadow of reward.

Obedience to his behest
Destroyed their peace, disturbed their rest;
Yet when his drowsy eyes grew dim,
No mortal dared to waken him:
They stole about with stealthy tread —
"The baby is asleep," they said.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

For Every Other Sunday.

FORGIVE ME.

BY R. D.

THE sun poured down with a dry, parching heat. The sands glowed in its rays, and everything spoke of tropic heat. The sky was a deep, clear blue, not a cloud anywhere to be seen; and the faint rustle of a breeze dying away gently moved the palm-trees, which spread their tall, slender stems toward heaven.

There was a group of busy men and women making fans. The girls were clustered together, talking in their odd jargon. Their skins were dark, their clothing scanty; and they worked away, seemingly regardless of the heat. There was one girl prettier than the rest. Her large eyes were busily fixed upon the work in her hands.

A young foreigner was sitting near by, talking with the workers. He had made a contract for the next thousand fans. He spoke their tongue well, for he was familiar with the place. He looked kindly at the girl sitting away from the rest, — the pretty one, — and he moved her way. He liked to watch her slender fingers fly so nimbly with her work, and to see the quiet, sad look in her dark eyes, where the mild, liquid, animal look blended with the human. In taking his seat beside her, his foot slipped on a bit of palm, and hit hers.

"Oh, forgive me!" he exclaimed, for the moment forgetting himself, and speaking in his native tongue.

The girl looked up quickly at the unfamiliar sounds, and they seemed somehow to strike her fancy.

"Say it again," she asked him in her native jargon; and he repeated it for her. Then she wanted to see him write it down in those queer black, crooked lines, that he could make so fast and so well. So he took the very fan she was making, and penned it on one side with a bit of charred wood.

She looked at it for some time. She could not read it when written; but he taught her to say it by continual repetition, and she liked to hear her own tongue make a sound foreign to it. In a little while, however, she forgot it, for she did not even know its meaning.

The light burned brightly on the little study table, and a gentle breeze came in at the open window,

bringing with it all the sweet fragrance of a country garden. At the table, with her arms leaning upon it and a book between her hands, sat Julia, with her shining golden curls hanging over her shoulders. The lamplight falling upon them, and her cheeks flushed from heat and exertion, she made a very pretty picture; but she did not know it, — oh, dear, no! She was trying to find what "*y*" would be, and it would n't come at all. She had tried ever so long, but still she was not discouraged, and worked patiently on.

Julia had studied very hard lately. The examinations were coming; and this year there was going to be a prize, and she wanted it very much, — not for the triumph alone, but that her father and mother might see that she had tried. She had not been a particularly bright girl, but she had worked, as I have said before, very hard this last term. In her own secret heart she felt quite confident of the prize; but then of course there are always chances and slips to be made, and she knew it, working doubly hard on that account. Other people thought too that there was little doubt about Julia being the successful one, and she had many well-wishers.

There was only one girl of whom Julia was at all afraid, and of her she said nothing. Lucy was fitting to be a teacher; and that very minute she too was trying to solve *y*, but by the light of a smoky old lamp. The breeze that came in her window, and played over her shining plaits of rich dark hair, was a breeze bearing fresh woodland odors only. There was no great expanse of lawn before the house where she lived. It was only a little tea-chest, with windows and a door, tucked in among the trees; but she loved it all the same.

Lucy, too, had a loving father and mother, and she wished that they might be justly proud of her. She longed to earn money by her teaching, that the dear ones might not have to work so hard when their hair began to whiten, and when time should touch their cheeks with his trembling hand and make wrinkles upon their loving brows.

Maria Stevens was to have an afternoon tea toward the end of examination week. A very tempting invitation came to Julia.

"I 've gotten on so well so far," she thought, "I can just as well go as not." And she went.

All her young friends were there; and they had a most dainty supper, served under the spreading elms, upon the cool, velvety lawn. Everything was jolly, and Julia had a thoroughly good time. She came home late but happy, humming the last tune the musicians had played; and she fell asleep that night as if there was not a care nor a disappointment in all the world for her. But there was, and it came in only two days' time.

Julia came home Friday walking slowly along the hot road. She hung her head down a little, and her eyes were wet with gathering tears. She felt she must not be a baby, and she tried to force them back; but she had failed, failed utterly, and she was nearing home with the failure stamped upon her face. How disappointed her father and mother would be! And all for that upstart girl, who did not know her place; and the rebellious feeling choked her. What business had that girl to go to her school anyway, and where did they get the money to send her, living in that tiny house the way they did?

If Julia only knew, the main reason why they lived in that tiny house was that Lucy, their little daughter, might have all the advantages that a good education could give her. Lucy appreciated this, and tried to show them how much. Hers was one happy heart that day, and hers were feet that flew over the dusty road, and never minded the dust or the heat at all. Hers was a happy little home that night; and the little success and triumph of one seemed by their common love for one another to draw them nearer together.

When Lucy was alone in her room, however, that night, her thoughts wandered to Julia, and for the first time she considered how she must feel. Her generous impulses went out to her, and she longed to show her some kindness, that there might be no unpleasant feeling. It was so easy, she pondered, when she was the happy one. But then Julia had almost everything, and they were quite poor.

The next morning, early, Lucy was walking through the dewy grass with a little birch-bark basket she had made and fastened with bright ribbon. She knew the fields well; and the little basket was soon lined with oak-leaves and filled with sweet wild strawberries. She hastened to the Luthers', that the berries might be in time for Julia's breakfast; feeling so happy, breathing the clear, cool air, it was a blessing just to be alive.

It was not half an hour afterward that her little offering of love was lying untouched upon the white kitchen table, returned by the stable-boy, with the message that "Miss Luther saw through her scheme."

Poor little disappointed Lucy sat stupidly staring at the strawberries, but she could not understand why they were sent back; she only knew that she felt wounded and hurt.

Of course Julia's father and mother were disappointed. Julia was their only daughter, and they showered their affection on her; so at once they began to prepare schemes and plans to divert her from her failure. The next day was Saturday; and they hurriedly arranged a little party, made up of Julia's girl and boy friends, to go together to the circus.

Julia was angry, but she became quite enthusiastic over the fun when it neared the time to start; and when at last they all sat under the great tent laughing and talking together, she really became happy.

It grew warmer. "Fans! Fans! Two for five! Two for five!" called out a lean, lanky boy, in shrill tones.

Mr. Luther took a dozen, and passed them to Julia and the others.

Julia suddenly looked more closely at hers, and with some curiosity. On one side were the words, "Forgive me," written very plainly in charcoal.

"How very strange!" she thought. "How could it have come there?" And she some way felt she would not show it to the others just then. Her eyes wandered more and more from the noise in the ring, and fixed themselves upon the words; and she read them over and over again, until there seemed a picture of them on her heart, — "Forgive me, forgive me."

She could not see that other picture, — of the dark, handsome girl sitting under the waving palm-trees and the clear blue sky, her slender, nimble fingers making fans; but these magic words, these loving words, had the same fascination for her as for the other maiden, and Julia knew their full meaning.

On the stone wall beside a little cottage, with a tiny birch-bark basket filled with strawberries between them, sat a girl crowned with rich dark plaits, and beside her, also eating berries, was another, wreathed in glistening golden curls. They were happy; and when they parted, their lips were saying, "Do forgive me." So it ended.

For Every Other Sunday.

CAREFUL CAMP.

BY LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

"Yes, doggie, it is going to rain," replied Mr. Vane to the bark and whine of a little animal that ran in at the open door and looked wistfully up in his face. "Well, let it rain."

Camp waited a minute beside his master's easy-chair, and then slipped away into the garden again. Mr. Vane had resumed the reading of a sermon in the newspaper. It was Sunday afternoon. Now and then his eyelids half shut, for the air was of a kind to make one feel sleepy.

Little Etta Vane's mamma had gone to see a sick woman, leaving the child in care of papa. She sat on the floor awhile, marching the animals into her Noah's Ark. When papa noticed that his little girl was not in the room, he supposed she had gone to Mary in the kitchen. But Camp knew better, for he was trotting about with her in the garden.

Presently the playfellow came in again and tried to attract papa's attention. He bit the toes of his slippers, but the man said, "Go away, Camp; don't be uneasy." Mr. Vane's head was on the chair-rest now, and his newspaper lay upon his knees. He did not want to be disturbed.

A few minutes later a sharp flash of lightning and a heavy peal of thunder roused him from his doze. The shower was very near. Already a drop or two struck and slid down the pane. Mr. Vane rose to shut the window.

What did he see going on in the garden? Camp dragging his coat along the path, the coat that had lain on an arm of the sofa. The man followed quietly, feeling curious to know what this strange action meant.

The dog saw him, and, leaving the garment, ran to meet him with a glad whine. Then he whisked ahead, this knowing dumb animal, looking back often, as if he would say, "Do hurry, please." Once beyond the clump of roses, the secret was out; there lay little Etta fast asleep beside the pansy bed.

Hardly was she carried indoors in her father's arms when the rain began to pour. The garden plants liked it; but for a little girl in a pretty white frock it would have been different. Had the coat been used to cover her, as Camp intended, it might have fared worse. He had done his best to make her case understood, and then to protect her from a wetting. Now they call him "Careful Camp."

HAPPY AND USEFUL.

The happiness which comes from serving others ought to be taught elaborately, carefully, thoughtfully, as a part of the training in all schools and colleges. The reward for service is never proportioned to the amount of service rendered. The lesser oftentimes brings the greater satisfaction, or rather, perhaps, brings it home better. In short, all schools, from the elementary to the professional, are fitting for life, and if they keep the true end in view, all teachers should instruct the young creatures intrusted to their charge how they may best be happy, and how they may best serve their fellowmen. — *President Eliot, Harvard College.*

For Every Other Sunday.

TALES ABOUT TWICKENHAM.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

PERHAPS you will think the tales I am about to tell relate to the old town of Twickenham. If so, you must prepare to give up the notion, for they are just stories about a little soft black pussy, called (for no reason whatever) Twickenham.

Twickenham was a little bit of a deserted street waif when he wandered under our gate one afternoon and made himself at home. At first we were inclined to refuse him a refuge, for we were already the proud possessors of three big cats, and it really looked like setting up a cat farm to take in another one. But the new-comer was such a forlorn-looking morsel, and had such big solemn, appealing eyes, that we had n't the heart to turn it away, so it joined our family of cats, and was soon the greatest pet of them all.

The three old cats seemed delighted with the addition to their number, and the youngest of them — a staunch, sturdy, impudent puss with only one eye — at once constituted himself a sort of nurse-girl to the kitten.

He began and washed the little thing all over, till he had it licked quite clean, and then what fun they

STILL NOBLE, THOUGH IN RUINS.—THE PARTHENON.

had together! They chased each other all over the yard, and then they clinched, and rolled over and over and over together! It was great fun to watch them.

Twickenham soon grew fat and saucy in his new home. He became very particular about his food. The meat had to be cooked to a turn or he would n't touch it, and he scorned milk that was not at least half cream.

Next door to us there lived a family who had a dear little boy about two years old. There was a knot-hole in the fence between our yards, where the baby used to come and call for the Kitty, with whom he soon grew to be fast friends. Little Harry would put blades of grass and pieces of string in through the hole, and Twickenham would make great efforts to catch them. Whenever Harry had cake or candy, a little piece had to be carried to kitty; and great was the baby's disappointment when the gift was merely sniffed at and then left alone.

One morning Harry was sick, and could not come as usual to call the kitty. It seemed that the puss missed his little playmate, for he got up on the ledge of the fence and stretched himself up till his head reached the knot-hole, and then he stuck it through and peeped into the other yard, mewing quite vigorously all the time. He repeated this performance several times that day, and seemed quite disconsolate that he could n't induce his little friend to come out.

The first day that Harry was able to be out again, he made straight for the knot-hole and called kitty. The little creature at once delightedly bounded to the opening, and so great was his pleasure at seeing the baby again that he unintentionally scratched his hand, causing Harry to exclaim in startled tones, "Oh, the pussy has pins in pockets! Pussy stick Harry!"

I must tell you about the fright Twickenham got during a severe storm. It was Saturday afternoon, late in July. It had been suffocatingly hot all day, and we were very glad in the afternoon when the first rumble of thunder announced that a storm was at hand.

Our three cats and the kitten were in the back yard when the fury of the storm first broke loose. The vivid forks of lightening were followed by loud crashes of thunder, and the downpour of the rain was terrific.

It was Twickenham's first experience in a storm, and he must have thought that the end of the world had come, for he just gave one great bound through the kitchen window, which happened to be open; and he was at once followed by the other cats. The older ones were contented with being inside of the house, but Twickenham didn't seem to think himself entirely safe as long as he could see the storm; so he jumped up into an old wash-tub in a corner, and worked till he got himself down under some papers that were in it, and not a step could he be induced to move therefrom till the storm was entirely over.

I could go on and tell you many more clever things about Twickenham, but I have probably related all you care to hear at present; so I will close, merely adding, that while there are no doubt plenty of smart, pretty kitties in the world, there are none more amusing than our little black Twickenham.

THE GRUMBLIES AND THE SMILIES.

Oh, there never was yet such a hard-used set!
They have to study, or have to sew,
When every one knows they hate it so,
And mamma is always a-saying "no";
While grandmamma is getting the dreadfulest way
Of asking for something most every day!
At dinner there 's nothing that 's fit to eat;
And somebody else has the brownest meat—
Or the soup 's too hot, or the bread 's too dry;
And they never did like that kind of pie.
So they 're grumbly and growly,
And sulky and scowly,
Till every one thinks we could get on without them.
Poor Grumblies! I feel so sorry about them!

But who can be glum when the Smilies come?
They are always polite; and errands, they say,
Are never too hard or too far away.
And whether they work or whether they play,
Their faces are bright as a new-born dime,
And they have just the jolliest kind of a time,
And every one 's happy to have them nigh:
For if ever a bit of cloud comes by,
They are whisking it inside out in a minute,
And finding the silvery lining that 's in it.
They 're funny and sunny, and sweeter than honey,
And always a-scattering sunshine about them.
Dear Smilies! Why, how could we live without them!

Our Little Men and Women.

GOLDEN WORDS.

To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be.
We give ourselves, and doing this
We give ourselves to Thee.

It is noticed that the consideration of the great periods and spaces of astronomy induces a dignity of mind, and an indifference to death. The influence of fine scenery, the presence of mountains, appeases our irritations and elevates our friendships. Even a high dome, and the expansive interior of a cathedral, have a sensible effect on manners. Emerson.

MADAME LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER.

For Every Other Sunday.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF CHILDREN.

No. VII. — Madame Le Brun and her Daughter.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

MADAME LE BRUN, who painted this picture of herself and her daughter, was Marie Antoinette's court painter, but I fancy she was more happy and proud when painting the portrait of the little maiden we have to-day, than even when painting the picture of the beautiful queen with the first dauphin and his brother and sister; for this little girl was her own "dear little brunette," the child who accompanied her in her many travels, and who was the dearest treasure of her life.

Madame Le Brun, or Marie Louise Vigée, as she was known before her marriage, was born in Paris almost one hundred and fifty years ago. Her father was a portrait painter, and was probably her first teacher in art. He died when his daughter was a young girl. She showed her talent early. When about fifteen years old she painted a portrait of her mother, and for some years she supported her mother and herself by copying the works of the old masters. After a time her mother married again, and it is said that the step-father was unkind to Marie Louise, seizing her earnings and hardly supplying her needs in return. Even under these trying circumstances, her talent developed, and she was recognized as a successful portrait painter. Before she was twenty-five she had painted her first portrait of Marie Antoinette. After that she painted a great many pictures of the queen, and some of the royal children.

It is pleasant to read of the warm friendship that existed between the queen and the artist. The accidents of fortune were forgotten, and they met on the ground of simple sincerity and worth. A pretty story is told of a time when the artist was sick, and unable to keep her appointment with the queen. When at length she was able to appear, Marie Antoinette was about to start for a drive.

Madame Le Brun supposed the sitting lost for the day; but no, the queen graciously gave up her ride. She did more than that; for when the artist, embarrassed by her tardiness, and not yet quite strong, perhaps, dropped her brushes and paints, she stooped to pick them up. Madame Le Brun tried to prevent her, but she said, "No, you have been ill."

This simple little kindness was considered a great condescension, but I think it made Marie Antoinette only the more worthy the name of queen.

When the revolution broke out in France, Madame Le Brun was obliged to flee. She took her daughter with her. She visited Rome, Florence, Naples, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. She wrote a pleasant account of these travels, in a series of letters published in two volumes, under the title "Souvenirs."

There are many allusions in these letters to her daughter, Jean Julie Louise, "the little brunette," as her mother called her. She tells us that the child was "very charming, with eyes full of mirth, a pretty mouth, beautiful teeth, and a fresh complexion;" indeed, according to her fond mother, she had "as lovely a face as one could wish to see."

Madame Le Brun and the "little brunette" climbed Vesuvius together, and another volcano, at that time in eruption. The child was naturally frightened, and often said: "Mamma, one can die of heat; is it not so?" The mother was also alarmed, but concealed her fears for the sake of her child.

As Jean grew older her mother wrote with pride of her many accomplishments. She was instructed by the best masters, and sang "delightfully," and showed "a great aptitude for painting." Madame Le Brun, like some of the mothers of our own day, was evidently "an obedient parent." When her friends charged her with this weakness, she said, "Do you not see that she is beloved by all?" And she told them that the most distinguished people appreciated her daughter, and sought her society; and she added that she enjoyed these successes far more than she had ever enjoyed her own.

I fear that Jean, though beautiful to look at, was not always as unselfish and kind a daughter as we should wish for such a devoted mother. This was especially true at the time of her marriage to Monsieur Nigris, a marriage much regretted by her mother.

Madame Le Brun lived to be very old. Her last years were years of sorrow, caused by the death of her husband, her brother, and her dear daughter.

Monsieur Le Brun was a picture-dealer, and allowed his wife to copy his finest paintings; for this reason she sometimes said that she owed more to his help than to any of her masters. His death left her sorrowful, but she grieved even more when her beautiful daughter was taken from her. Her life was devoted to her daughter and her art, and now her art alone was left to her.

Her last years were passed in Paris. She was always busy with her brush, and at her death left hundreds of pictures, mostly portraits. She painted portraits when very old. One of her niece, painted, it is said, when she was eighty years old, has been pronounced admirable. This picture of herself and daughter is now at the Louvre, an art gallery of Paris.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.
CONFUCIUS.

For Every Other Sunday.

A FRENCHMAN'S MANNERS.

BY AUNTIE BETH.

IT was a February day and, boo! how cold! The ground was frozen, and the wheels crunched along as though winter was at its strongest.

A few pussy willows that, tempted by the late sunshiny days of February, had begun to glisten and shine, grew all shrivelled and pinched, and acted as though they wanted to creep inside the willow bough, and wait until the weather could be a little more friendly.

It was the 21st of the month, and the next day would be the 22d, and all our little folks know whose birthday comes on the 22d of February.

Willie Snow's papa had been away on business — a long, long trip. He had been way across the broad ocean that people must cross who go to what we call "The Old World." Willie loved his great tall papa better than any one else in the world, except mamma; as to grandma — well, Willie had to own he loved grandma dreadfully! She could make the finest soldier caps and shoulder straps of anybody going. Mamma really was n't anywhere compared to gran'ma when it came to a soldier's little rig. And then, there had been a few times in Willie's short life when a terribly naughty little boy had crept into gran'ma's lap, and confessed sins that deserved punishment. And although the little boy had been told that he must "go right to mamma" and tell the whole story, yet somehow gran'ma managed to slip in a word here and there about its being a good thing to feel sorry and want to be forgiven; and the downcast little sinner was forgiven freely.

But Papa Snow was tall and big, and had eyes that Willie always thought could see right into his little heart; and once when he tried to tell papa a little fib, he caught those eyes fixed on him, and the next moment he burst out crying with all his might, and sobbed out, "Me told a lie! me told a lie!"

That, however, was when he was a little fellow; now he was eight years old, and said "I" instead of "me." "Me" was what little Ted said, who was only five, and eight-year-old Willie felt tall and grand when he looked at Teddie and thought what a little wee shaver he was.

Yes, Willie was very proud of his papa, and he longed and longed for him to come home. And one day he took it into his little head to be quite spunky because his papa staid away so long. He scolded about the "old ship" that took papa off, and went stamping about the room with his lips pouted out, and thinking he was behaving smart and mannish, when all at once he noticed how hard gran'ma pounded as she went across the room. And when he looked around, there was gran'ma — she wasn't a very old gran'ma — pounding away as hard as she could every step she took, and oh, dear, such a face! her brow was drawn up into a great scowl and her lips were stuck out as far as she could get them.

Willie threw his head back and laughed so loud that little Jip got up and barked at him. That only made him laugh the more.

"Do it again, gran'ma," he said, still giggling, as gran'ma seated herself quietly.

"O no," she said, "I only wanted my young grandson to see what a pretty figure he cut, thrashing around in that style, with his mouth way out and his face a queer picture of ill-nature."

"Did I look as 'dicolous' as that?" asked Willie, who liked to get hold of a "grown up" word when he could.

"O yes, Willie, it would be hard for any one to look more ridiculous than you do sometimes, when you get one of those little smart fits on."

But now about this cold day in February; Willie thought 'twas going to be fine to pretend when to-morrow should come that Davy Moore was George Washington, and that he, Willie Snow, was General Lafayette. There was a kind of glory to Willie's mind in the idea of being a Frenchman. His little school history had told in a simple way something of our first President, and the teacher had explained how the gallant Lafayette had come from the far side of that great ocean and helped Americans fight for their liberty.

Out in the sunny garden, Davy and Willie were practising and pretending to be marching to war, when Willie's mamma went to the door and asked him to please look after little Ted, who wanted to come out and play with him.

"O mamma, must I?" wailed Willie. "Teddy's such a little fellow; he's lots o' trouble."

"Certainly you must look after your little brother," said Mrs. Snow, who had to speak decidedly to Willie very often. "And I'm sorry," she added, looking grieved, "that you are so unwilling to have the dear little fellow share your sport."

Ted was a queer little object and no mistake, as he trundled down the frozen walk. Besides his warm woollen cap, his woollen muffler came way up over his ears and cheeks, and an inside sack made his little body so bulky that he could scarcely toddle.

"Come, now, Teddy, you just sit down on the steps and watch Davy and me march," said Willie; "it's bad for little boys to get in the way when men are on the march. Come, trot right along."

But Teddy had no idea of sitting on the steps and just watching the "men" march. And another thing, something his mamma had said came very conveniently into his little mind.

"Me want to be man and march too!" he cried stoutly; "and mamma say me not sit down, it too cold. Me march!" And sticking first one foot way up in front of him, then the other, Ted began his idea of a march.

Davy Moore roared with laughter, and Willie had to give a giggle or two in spite of himself. But he was half angry with little Ted for breaking in upon their fun, and made another attempt to get him out of the way.

"Go stand side of the walk, Teddy," he said, "and clap your hands as we go by. Some one always claps their hands when the soldiers pass; come, you're too little to march, you can't keep up, and you'll fall down. Run along now."

But Ted knew his own little mind, and said with a bright little grin: "Me can't clap hands, me too bundle up. Me goin' to march, — will march!" And up and out went his small feet in front of him again, and out screamed Davy Moore's laughter.

But Willie's face grew red, and his eyes were full of anger. "You're a little pig not to mind!" he cried. "And you shan't march when I say so. I'm General Lafayette, I tell you, and Davy there is George Washington. Now you go and watch us, — do you hear?"

"Yes, me hear, but me march," puffed Teddy; and march he would, all Willie could do or say.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Willie, turning to Davy. "Let's march so fast he can't poss'bly keep up; then when he sees it's no use, he'll give up."

So off went Willie and Davy on a regular jog-trot, quite like what soldiers would call the double-quick; and off started Teddy, feet in the air as before. But the poor little fellow could n't keep up, and soon cried out, "Wait fo' me! wait fo' me!"

Only faster flew Willie and Davy down one of the garden paths and up the other, Davy looking back every little while, then bursting out laughing at poor little Ted's efforts.

"He looks just like a small barrel dressed up in clothes," panted Davy, between his chuckles of laughter.

All at once there was a loud screaming, and Willie and Davy looked back to the round ball of clothes rolling along the walk. Poor little Teddy had marched too fast for his chubby little legs, and had rolled over and over in his wild hops and jumps, trying to reach the brave General Washington and the gallant General Lafayette.

At that moment the house door opened, and out ran Willie's mamma, bareheaded, in the cold. She ran to where Teddy had stopped rolling, and gathering the little fellow into her arms she went quickly back into the house, shutting the door without so much as giving one look at the two generals, who immediately stopped marching.

"Now I 'spect mamma 's all put out," said Willie, his fun all gone in a moment.

"Why did n't you let 'im come with us?" asked Davy. "I think 't would been sport to seen him."

"No you don't either, Davy," Willie replied rudely. "You run away from him same 's I did."

"'Cause you told me to," replied Davy.

"Well, I guess I 'll go in now," said Willie. "It 's too cold to stay out and do nothing but jabber." And forgetting his manners entirely, he left Washington to march home without so much as a "good-bye."

In the sitting-room was his mamma, rocking little Ted in her arms. She made no remark to her son Willie as he passed through to the hall to hang up his coat and cap.

"I guess I better find gran'ma and have a talk with her," Willie whispered to himself; and up to gran'ma's room he ran. There she sat by the window, but like mamma, she never said a word. So Willie thought he'd begin the talk.

"Teddy jus' had an ax-dent," he remarked.

"Yes," said grandma, going on with her sewing; "I was here at the window; I saw it all."

O dear! how quiet and uncomfortable it all was. There grandma had been looking out and had seen just what passed, and now she did n't want to have a word to say. Willie's guilty little conscience made him say.

"Well, you see I was General Lafayette and —"

"General *who*?" asked grandma, as if greatly surprised.

"I was General Lafayette."

"Oh, impossible!" said grandma.

"Course, I was just playin' it, gran'ma."

"Oh, but you never should play being any one whose character you would make out so false, Willie, boy. Why, General Lafayette was a Frenchman, and a perfect gentleman, and nearly all Frenchmen are patterns of politeness. Do you think either Lafayette or Washington ever ran away from a soldier younger or smaller than themselves? I don't believe they ever did."

"But Davy and I was just playin'."

"A boy who is rude and unkind when at play will make a rude, disagreeable man, unless he changes very much. Now to-morrow I expect a gentleman will be here who has seen the French people, some of them in their homes, and he will be pleased, I know, to tell you something of their manners and of their treatment of others. You must ask him about these things; I know he will tell you some pleasant things."

It was a great relief to talk with grandma, even though her voice sounded sober and as if she kept thinking of poor unfortunate little Teddy and how he tumbled down.

When Willie went down stairs he found a picture-book, and loving little Ted was very willing to make up and look at the pictures; and mamma looked less grieved when she saw Willie trying to be kind to his little brother. Then he questioned mamma about the gentleman who was expected "to-morrow;" but she only smiled and said he was a nice gentleman.

"Will he mind if we play soldier?" asked Willie, "'cause you know it 'll be Washington's birthday, and Davy and I want to march."

"Me march too!" whimpered Teddy, his little lip curling over.

"Oh, no," said mamma, "the gentleman will like to see you play if only you play like little gentlemen."

The next morning when Willie went down to breakfast, he grew nearly wild with delight, for there sat Papa Snow as large as life. He had reached New York the day before and telegraphed mamma and grandma that he hoped to be at home on the 22d.

It was some time before Willie thought to ask papa about the manners of the Frenchmen whom he had seen. And then — what do you think? Why, papa said that a gentleman was a gentleman all the world over! And although there was a great deal of what was called "polish" to most French gentlemen, yet it was very certain that a more perfect gentleman than our own General Washington never lived. Yet grandma was right too; no one should ever pretend to be the brave Lafayette unless willing to be a true gentleman. Even quite a little man could be a gentleman.

When Teddy begged to "go marchin'" after dinner, with General Washington and General Lafayette, Willie, who was Lafayette, said very politely, "Yes, if you please, sir, you may come, but please not stick your toes way up into your face, sir."

And Davy Moore who had heard what Willie's papa had said about a Frenchman's manners and about General Washington, did not forget he was playing he was General Washington himself, and he nearly choked trying not to laugh at Lafayette's speech to Teddy, because he thought it would not be a bit polite.

For Every Other Sunday.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

The Rose's Ball.

Mrs. Rose was a beauty, and she was so white!
She gave a grand ball for her daughter, one night.
Her daughter was dressed in a velvety red,
And she wore a green cap on top of her head.

There was Miss Nasturtium, and Violet too,
One dressed in orange, the other in blue.
And Marjory Marigold, with a gold crown,
And Daffy-down-dilly, who came up to town.

And Lemon Verbena, O, how sweet was she!
And Carnation was there, and so was Sweet-pea;
And beautiful Daphne, so lovely and sweet,
And dear little Primrose, so tiny, yet neat.

They danced and they sang, O, all the night!
Till up came the sun, so warm and so bright,
That homeward they went, one and all,
And that was the end of the Rose's ball.

Nellie V. B.
Twelve years of age.

Any one may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts; but to write or speak with propriety and simplicity is a more difficult task. Thus it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express; it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. Hazlitt.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.
CARLYLE.

MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor met me on the street,
She dropped a word of greeting gay,
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,
The work too heavy for my hand,
The ceaseless underbeat of pain,
The tasks I could not understand,

Grew lighter as I walked along
With air and step of liberty,
Freed by the sudden lilt of song,
That filled the world with cheer for me.
Margaret E. Sangster, in The Youth's Companion.

For Every Other Sunday.

GUY HOPKINS'S BASKET OF APPLES.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

"I WOULD like another apple, if you please," said Guy Hopkins to his father. The Hopkins family was at the dinner-table, and their dessert consisted entirely of apples.

There were several in the dish, and to Guy they did indeed look like apples of gold in baskets of silver, for they were golden on one side and red on the other. Guy had been skating all the morning; and if anything in the world will sharpen a boy's appetite, it is a race on skates, when the frost has coated the trees with silver and the boy's breath becomes visible as he glides over the crystal floor beneath him.

I wonder what some boys would think if their words should become visible, too, as they fall from their lips!

Guy's father was an indulgent man to his children, but he was not a rich man. He was the superintendent of public schools in a flourishing Western city.

Guy did not get the apple that he asked for at the dinner-table. Apples were very scarce and very dear that season, and Mr. Hopkins did not feel able to buy all that his family could eat; so he said to Guy, as he looked wistfully at the apples: —

"No, my son; I shall have to refuse your request. You have already eaten one large, ripe apple. Another would not hurt you; nor do I blame you for wanting it. If we live another year, and apples are plenty, I hope I can give you all that you ought to eat."

That explanation satisfied Guy perfectly, for he really was a reasonable boy; so he drew a long breath, but said nothing. The next day Guy quietly took an apple when the fruit dish was passed to him; but he did not eat it. He laid it down by his plate, and when dinner was over, put it in his pocket.

No one asked him any questions about it, for all the family recognized his right to eat his one apple whenever he chose.

For several days the same thing happened; Guy took his apple, but did not eat it. One day his little sister was sent down cellar to bring up something for her mother. She brought, not only what she was told to bring, but a nice little basket of apples, of the same kind that had appeared regularly on the dinner-table. It had been placed snugly out of sight in an unfrequented corner of the cellar, and the little girl would not have noticed it, had not a stray sunbeam happened to be shining in through the cellar window.

"See what I've found," said she to her mother. "I wonder who has been hiding apples in that way."

Mrs. Hopkins was a little surprised when she saw the basket. It was evidently hidden; but she had too good an opinion of her children to believe that any one of them would secrete apples to eat them alone, when they all understood perfectly well why they were restricted in their allowance. So she waited until dinner was over, and then, bringing in the basket, she said: "My children, can any of you tell me how these apples got into this basket? And can you tell me how the basket got into the darkest corner of the cellar? Who owns this basket?"

"That's my basket, mother," said Guy, "and the apples in it are mine, too. I wonder who found them?"

"Your sister found them," said his mother. "Tell us, if you please, what you were saving them for. We should like to know, if you are willing. I surmise they are from your daily allowance."

"Yes," said Guy, "they are. Must I tell you what I have been saving them for?"

"No," said his mother, "I do not say you *must* tell me anything whatever about these apples; but I should like to know why you have hidden them so carefully. I am sure you are saving them for a good purpose; for you are a generous boy, Guy."

What good boy's heart would not be touched, if told by a mother whom he dearly loved that she trusts him. Guy's heart at once opened wide enough to let his little secret out.

"I did n't mean to let anybody know what I was doing," said Guy; "but I suppose I had better tell you all about it now, for you have found the apples, and I have said that they are mine. Well, you see, I was saving them till I got a good basket full, and then I meant to carry them to Johnny St. Clair."

"To Johnny St. Clair!" said his mother. "That was very nice of you, Guy."

Mrs. St. Clear was a widow, and Johnny was her only son. He was a bright, active boy, but quite delicate, and an apple was a luxury which he had not tasted that season. Mrs. Hopkins had sent him some of Guy's old clothes, but she had forgotten how good an apple tastes to a child, especially as spring approaches. Mrs. Hopkins was delighted to see such a generous spirit in her son.

"When are you going to give Johnny the apples?" said she.

"Well, I guess the basket is about full enough now. To-morrow is Saturday, and there will be no school. Can't I take the basket over to Mrs. St. Clair's on Saturday afternoon? Then Johnny can have the apples for his Sunday dinner."

"Certainly, you can," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"Boys," said Tom Foster, the next Monday morning, at recess; "I've heard a good thing about Guy Hopkins. I tell you he's A, No. 1."

Then Tom told the boys about the basket of apples.

"We ought to do something about it, boys," said Tom. "What do you say to chipping in a few cents a-piece, and buying a barrel of apples for Guy? He deserves it; he's a good fellow."

"I second the motion," said Jack Hurley.

"I move an amendment," said Cub Elwood. "I move that we buy two barrels of apples, and send one to Guy Hopkins, 'cos he's big-hearted and generous; and one to Johnny St. Clair, 'cos he's sickly, and his dad is poor.

Three days after the passage of that motion, as amended, a dray with two barrels of apples on it might have been seen stopping at the cottage of Mrs. St. Clair. It remained there just long enough for the driver to roll one of them into the house. Its next stopping-place was at the home of Guy Hopkins.

There were two very happy boys in a certain Western city that afternoon. They were happier still when they found out how they came to receive such a handsome token of regard from their young friends. Each sent the other a basket of apples; for neither knew when he sent the basket that the other was rejoicing over a barrel full.

The generous impulses of more than one boy in the school that Guy Hopkins attended were quickened and strengthened by that self-denying act of his.

LITTLE BROWN BUSHY-TAIL.

Little brown Bushy-Tail lived up in a tree,
And mossy and snug was his nest;
Acorns and beechnuts in plenty had he,
And he scarcely knew which he liked best.

He was cheery of temper and agile of limb,
And his own little will was his law;
For what was the world and its worries to him,
When he held a plump nut in his claw?

As he cracked it, he twinkled his knowing black eyes
The kernel picked out by and by;
Then he ate it, and, looking uncommonly wise,
Said, "Folk may be worse off than I.

"For I 'm sure I 'm content with my portion in life,
And of nuts I 've a plentiful store;
With my little brown babies and little brown wife,
What on earth could a squirrel want more?"

He had lots of near neighbors as merry as he;
They were cheery and playful, each one.
Don't they show us that happy 't is easy to be
If good-humor we give with our fun?

Content with the blessings our Father may give,
How happy would all of us be,
If we tried with our friends and our neighbors to live
As the brown squirrel lives in the tree! — *Selected.*

For Every Other Sunday.

WHY JENNIE GOODMAN COULD NOT GO TO SCHOOL.

BY E. A. COIL.

COME, children, I want to tell you about a little girl who lives away back in the mountains of East Tennessee Her name is Jennie Goodman, but some of her friends say it ought really to be Jennie Goodgirl. Everybody loves her, because she loves everybody, and is always considerate and kind. She is the only child of Frank and Mary Goodman, and they, of course, think she is just the best girl that ever lived. You know all parents think that way about their own little girls and boys; but Jennie was really a very good girl.

In the summer time, her parents dig a great deal of "sang," which they take to town and sell to Mr. Jones, who keeps a store. "Ginseng" is the proper word, but nearly all mountaineers say "sang." I will let you hunt it up in Webster's Dictionary, and there you will find just what it is, and the purposes for which it is used.

Sometimes, instead of sending Jennie over to stay with her Aunt Ruth, her parents take her with them when they go across the mountain to dig sang. She always enjoys those days very much. She likes to watch the little birds flying about among the limbs of the trees; and now and then she scares up a rabbit, and she enjoys seeing it run, just as though a real, big man with a gun had disturbed its nap Then she likes to run and look into the basket occasionally to see how much sang her parents have found. She knows if they do not get several pounds they will not be able to buy shoes and books for her when Miss Roberts comes over to begin school.

The last time she went out with them, they were very successful. Her father and mother found a great deal, and Jennie discovered several large stalks herself. Whenever she found one, she would clap her hands and shout for joy, and call, "Mamma, mamma!" or "Papa, papa, do come quick!" And immediately one or the other would hurry over and dig up the root.

As they were going home that evening, her papa looked into the basket, and said proudly, "Well, Jennie, you are sure of shoes and books this year." And Jennie could not speak for joy.

When they reached home, John Davis was standing by their well reading a Chattanooga paper.

"Any news?" inquired Jennie's father.

"Yes," replied John; "there is a great war going on between China and Japan. One or two ships have been sunk, and a great many men have been drowned or shot."

Jennie shivered when she heard John tell what dreadful things were happening; but her father simply said, "Well, let them fight it out; it 's no concern of ours."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Jennie, "why is it we do such dreadful things?"

"That is a difficult question, my little girl," replied her father; but he continued, "it is so far away that we need not concern ourselves about this war between China and Japan."

The next day, he took all the sang he and his wife had dug during the summer and started to town with it, expecting to sell it, and buy books and shoes for Jennie. When he told her what he expected to bring home for her, she ran up to him, hugged and kissed him, and called him the best papa in the world; and when he started down the road, he was so happy that he forgot he had a heavy load to carry nearly seven miles. He trudged along, thinking of Jennie, but never once complaining to himself about the load he was carrying. Almost before he knew what had happened, he was in Mr. Jones's store; and as he looked at the books on one shelf and the shoes on another, his heart bounded for joy.

"Sang?" inquired Mr. Jones as he came forward, and looked into the basket.

"Yes, and a good lot of it, too," replied Frank.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Jones, "but I am not buying it now at all."

"What! not buying sang!" gasped Frank.

"No," said Mr. Jones. "You know we export nearly all we get to China; and we cannot tell what effect the dreadful war now in progress between that country and Japan will have on the market. Mr. Flemming, of Cincinnati sent me word yesterday to buy no more sang at any price until I heard from him again."

And Frank had to go home without books and shoes for Jennie, and she could not go to school the following Monday. The poor girl cried bitterly, and her father and mother cried too.

"And just think," said her father, "only last night I said, 'Let them fight it out; it is no concern of ours.' I really begin to think," he continued, "that if one man suffers all humanity suffers with him; and this awful business of killing people in war ought to be stopped, and some better way of settling grave problems devised."

Jennie and her mamma said, "Papa, you are right."

What think you, children? Shall wars cease? Hands up, if you vote Yes.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

We call attention to a few features in this number of Every Other Sunday. The story of Mary Carpenter's life work, as told by Mrs. Wells, is both entertaining and instructive. It ought to kindle zeal in many a reader's heart.

We celebrate Washington's Birthday by an appropriate poem and a well-told story.

The valuable articles on "Famous Pictures of Children" are drawing to a close. There are only two more in the series.

There is a saying, "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The Editor does not think so. The picture of the ruins of the Parthenon (where are they?) always creates more admiration than the picture of a new-built, freshly painted wooden dwelling-house. These pillars and crumbling cornices speak eloquently of a noble people and a glorious art.

Not long ago we gave a picture of the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. Switzerland is one of Nature's choicest picture-galleries. At every turn the traveller finds wondrous beauties, — on the mountain, or in the valley. A charming glimpse is given on the first page of one of the smaller lakes in Switzerland.

LETTER-BOX.

We take this extract from a letter to the Editor by one of our subscribers: "I have several years' copies of Every Other Sunday, and am glad to have an opportunity to get a binder to put them in. I go to the Spring Garden Unitarian Church. The paper comes to us; and I enjoy it as much as I did when I was one of the little ones. — H. B. G."

Wichita, Kan.

Dear Editor, — I have read the Every Other Sunday for a long time, and enjoy reading the stories and working the puzzles very much. I send the answers to several puzzles, hoping they are correct. Enclosed you will please find an enigma.

Yours truly, Stella McNaghten.

[The answers were correct.]

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. Resplendent, and a preposition.
2. An arrow, and part of the head.
3. A fruit, and a preposition.
4. A tree, and a measure of weight.
5. A familiar talk, and the thigh of a pig.
6. A bird, and a consonant.
7. An affectionate term, and a weight.
8. A wrap, and a preposition.
9. Fighting, and part of a candle. Florence M.

ANAGRAM.

Midswo si ot het ndim twah htealh si ot eth dovb.

Robert Butterfield.

HIDDEN PROVERB.

By taking one word in each sentence and reading downward, a familiar proverb may be found.

1. All the birds began to twitter and sing.
2. Here is some ink; you can now write your letter.
3. That is not a very large garden.
4. England imports gold from Australia.
5. Look at that naughty boy; he is throwing stones at some chickens.
6. Just watch that; it glitters most splendidly in the sun.

C. J. C.

SQUARE WORD.

At a distance. To decrease. A girl's name. A period of time.

ENIGMA XXVII.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 12, 22, 3, 21, a musical instrument.
My 18, 15, 10, 11, 5, what all young people like to do.
My 19, 2, 14, 8, a girl's name.
My 14, 13, 11, 12, 8, is a recess in a wall.
My 4, 3, 20, 23, 18, siftings of grain.
My 7, 16, 17, 18, what fairies used to use.
My 1, 15, is a personal pronoun.
My whole is an important event which has just come to an end.

J. Swift.

ENIGMA XXVIII.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 6, 2, 1, 4, is part of the foot.
My 3, 5, 12, 9, is very bad.
My 10, 11, 15, 13, 14, 15, is to perform.
My 8, 24, 26, 7, comes from the store.
My 19, 17, 21, 22, is a present.
My 23, 20, 18, 24, is used in sharpening razors.
My 25, 26, 18, 24, is a narrow road.
My 27, 26, 6, 23, is to cleanse.
My 27, 17, 18, 19, is part of a bird.
My 27, 20, 24, is sorrow.
My 27, 17, 18, is to conquer.
My 27, 14, 6, 8, is to desire.
My 27, 5, 7, is opposite of dry.
My whole is in the Bible.

Beth.

ENIGMA XXIX.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 10, 6, 22, 8, 13, 9, 22, is something all soldiers carry.
My 1, 6, 18, is what soldiers are for.
My 16, 17, 21, 20, is not real.
My 7, 5, 4, 3, 13, are less than a cent.
My 15, 2, 12, is not her.
My 11 is a vowel.
My whole is a great Union general.

May Martin.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 10.

Enigma XXIII. The landing of the Pilgrims.
Enigma XXIV. Perfect love casteth out fear.
Anagram. We can do more good by being good than in any other way.
Hidden Proverbs. Fine feathers make fine birds. Wilful waste makes woful want.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

E pidemi C
N ineve H
I guan A
G amble R
M iliti A
A i D
S eminol E

Enigmas. Charade.

NEW SONG AND SERVICE BOOK.

The New Song and Service Book, which has been in view for some time by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, will be published probably about the end of March. All the matter is in the printer's hands. There will be ten general services, carefully prepared with old and new forms. They will incorporate those features which have tended the most to make past services acceptable, both in the music and the responsive readings. There will be among the special services one on Patriotism, Temperance, Christening, Anniversary, In Memoriam, Commemoration, as well as the customary one for Christmas, Easter, Harvest, and Floral. A sufficient number of carols and appropriate tunes have been included in the book to meet the wants of those who wish a special service on these festival days, so that they will not need to secure outside material if they use the new book. In addition to these twenty services, there will be about two hundred hymns and tunes. These are of a four-fold character: first, valuable old tunes and carols known and liked by our Sunday Schools; second, attractive new tunes from other denominations not known to our Sunday Schools; third, original music composed expressly for this book; and fourth, a number of standard congregational tunes and Psalms which ought to be well-known both in Sunday School and church. The aim has been to prepare a book which, while maintaining a good standard both in the services and the music, will prove acceptable and helpful to the average Unitarian Sunday School.

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